

AN EXACT
RELATION

OF THE
late King **JAMES'S** Embarking for *France*;
And of the
Proclaiming K. William.

WITH THE
present Condition of Dublin, and other Places near that
CITY.

In a **LETTER** from **DUBLIN.**

DUBLIN, Saturday, July 5. 1690.

Honoured Sir,

I Presume ere this, you have received the Letter I sent you from our Camp near the Boyne; since that you have known by other hands, that by one Fight we have frightened and scattered our Enemy, and were presently possessed of the strong Town of *Dragbeda*, and are now as quietly settled in this City, left in much better condition than was expected. They left Stores filled with Provisions of Mouth and War, they have great Stores likewise in the Countrey, which are all open for our Receipt.

Their King went away with the Duke of *Powis*, *Tyrconnel*, and some few more towards *Kingale*, their Army all scattered in the Countrey; so that the War seems now to be at an end: *Galloway*, *Limmerick*, and *Athlone*, are as I hear, the only places like to stand out against us, and having no hopes of Relief, will as it's thought be easily Surrendered.

His Majesty you see hath Conquered this Kingdom with a *Veni, vidi, vici*, it will require more of his trouble to settle than to Conquer it: I cannot now further enlarge, the Express waiting the Motion of my Pen; but to tell you this day by the Post, if possible, will send you a more particular Account.

Dublin, July 5. 1690.

Honoured Sir,

I Sent you one of this date by the Express, and have now to add, That we have sure and certain Advertisment sent us by an Express, that the late King *James* on Wednesday night last Embarked at *Duncannon*, a Fort that commands *Passage Harbour*, viz. the Harbour of *Waterford*, and that He, Duke *Powis*, *Tyrconnel*, and some others are gone direct for *France*. Their Army are scattered in the Countrey, and are forced to turn *Tories* to get them a support, so that it's believed our Kings work will be applied now rather to settle, than make further Conquests here: His Majesty is not yet

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come to this Town, but is this Night Encamp't within Two Miles of this City, and as we here, intends to be here to morrow.

The Protestants of *Wexford* have seized that Garrison, and declared for King *William* and Queen *Mary*, the other Towns where Protestants are, will we expect, follow that President, of which we have already some reports, particularly as to *Waterford* and *Kilkenny*.

We cannot learn that there is 5000 of the Enemy in a Body, nor understand that there are any of them appears within thirty Miles of this City, what Forces they lately had of the *German*s, who are Protestants, are come in to us.

The *French* are gone with three *Regt.* pieces towards *Limerick*, but it's thought they will be met in the way, our Horse are now scattering, to pick up the scatterers of the Enemies scattered Army.

We all believe that there will not be struck one stroke more in this War, and we have many reasons to wish and expect it, but none more important than that we hope thereby, our King may return to you as late as he came to us.

His Active and Invincible Courage, gave us horrid frights, finding that he acted in the Field, rather as a Courageous Captain, than a great King: this Success may, we hope, justly entitle him to the Character of the greatest Monarch in the *European* World.

Our Enemy is run in that haste, that they have left vast Stores than we could have imagined they had, not only of War, but Provision behind them.

Not an hour but we have some news of loss to them, and gain to us. I am under those straits of time, that I can neither be so full, or methodical in account of Persons and Things as I wish, I have sent you inclosed a Copy of a Prophecie, which you may put into English, having only time to write it, and that I am,

Your affectionate Friend and Servant.

A PROPHECIE found near One hundred Years since in Chancellor *Loftus* his Study, and since this War shewed often to King **JAMES** his Ministers here.

*Si post hac aliquando rem militarem exarsuerint, moribundam & incompotam
S. Hibernorum numerosa Phalanges, eoque Viribus, ac & arte militari creverit
Gens ista pauperenna, sua numero, pondere & magnitudine intumescat & laboret
sua equidem mole sua ruet, subitoque causa & flatus Boreae a facie terra ut pecora
abigitur, sibi que (spe profligata) in secula omnia abjiciet. Liberalem, Sequi
Regemque suum exteris, Saxonibus, Danis & Battavis mancipia reddet.*

IF at any time hereafter the rude and disorderly Phalanxes of the *Irish*, shall more exactly learn the Art of War, and that poor Nation shall by means of Brass-Money, and the Art of War, increase to that degree of strength, and to swell and labour under their Number, Weight, and Multitude, then shall they fall with the weight of their own Bulk, and by a sudden Accident, and the force of the North Wind, shall be scattered, like Sheep from the face of the Earth, and hopeless of all Relief, shall for ever renounce all thought of Liberty, and surrender up themselves and their King, absolute Slaves to *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Hollanders*.

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